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ments with our own makes our municipal problems seem all the more formidable. It is no part of Dr. Howe's plan, however, to advocate definite changes. His book supplies facts formative of opinion, and will help to create that "city sense," the lack of which he deplores.

THE ORIGIN AND IDEALS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL. By FRANCISCO FERRER, TRANSLATED BY JOSEPH McCABE. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913.

The publication of this book, of which the original is a manuscript found among Ferrer's papers after his death, was worth while—not on the ground that it contains any educational theories of great value, but precisely because Ferrer in Spain seems to have been fighting in large part for what in this country we have practically attained. Ferrer is thus to our minds justified. As self-portrayed in these pages, he appears as a sincere and upright man, as an atheist with a curious faith in the power of science and positivist philosophy to save mankind, as something of a visionary, and as a gentle extremist. His educational programme, described in a style which somehow manages to be both simple and inflated, makes one think of Rousseau or Pestalozzi rather than of any modern educator. On such points of his theory as the necessity of excluding from the arithmetic all examples having a capitalistic flavor, no comment is needed; nor can we agree that total emancipation of thought in regard to great social questions should be the ever-present aim in the teaching of children. The specimens of essays written by his pupils which Ferrer included in his account of his work, would hardly be regarded by American teachers as satisfactory evidences of progress. Nevertheless, Ferrer had the courage of his convictions, and he died for them. He really took a step in the direction of modern education and of popular education. All honor to him for what he did and for what he undeservedly suffered! His importance in modern history does not, perhaps, make a knowledge of his career incumbent upon us, but before formulating any sort of opinion about him we should read his *apologia pro vita sua*.

IN THE VANGUARD. By KATRINA TRASK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

Those who believe fervently in universal peace will find a pleasant sentimental appeal in Katrina Trask's little play, *The Vanguard*. Mrs. Trask has a gift for expressing the sentiment of the wholesome—for making kindness and sweet reasonableness as attractive in their way as the glamour of romantic love. The characters in *The Vanguard* are of the sort which attain a certain convincingness, because they appeal to our good nature and to our affections. But they are none too substantial, and we find it difficult to take them very seriously. The mildly poetic effect of those scenes in which girls and boys dance, singing, upon the village green seems hardly consistent with many prosaic details and with the intended horror of battle scenes. But the plot is simple, which is a virtue. We find it hard to believe that a young soldier who had served

with distinguished gallantry in several battles, who, when his soul revolted at the slaughter of his fellow-men, nevertheless as standard-bearer, carried his colors into the thick of the fray—that such a man should be treated in the village of his birth as a pariah, because his conscience bade him leave the army when his original term of enlistment had expired. Doubtless the villagers would shake their heads over him a bit—but as for making him a martyr, one doubts that they would do him such grace. And would his parents feel his home-coming as a bitter humiliation—would his father refuse to take his hand? No, we cannot help feeling that Mrs. Trask has made some of her characters too narrow-minded in order to increase by contrast the moral breadth of her hero.

The dialogue gives pleasure by its graceful clearness, but often we seem to hear a treble note where a manly bass was intended. Yet lack of a strenuousness and reality may be forgiven even in a drama that deals with war, if it only has genuineness and simplicity and if we feel the current of fine, clear, and above all sincere, sentiment that runs through *The Vanguard*, we shall not complain that what seems intended as a strong protest turns out to be rather a gentle remonstrance.

V. V.'s EYES. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

Something more than exaggerated expectation is responsible for the fact that we experience in reading *V. V.'s Eyes* the pang of disappointment so often produced by an attempt to repeat a former success. One feels somehow, throughout this novel, that the author of *Queed* is never exactly in his true vein. It may be said without implied disparagement to the creator of *Joseph Vance*, that Mr. Harrison's style has become a little too De Morganish, and despite a good deal of drollery we miss the fine, free felicity of phrase of the earlier novel. *V. V.'s Eyes* is a good book, much sounder and much more human in its appeal than most, but it simply makes us uncomfortable with the thought that it is always just going to be absolutely enjoyable, which it never quite is.

Doubtless no such person as *Queed* ever lived and breathed; perhaps he lacked the vital organs. But we believed in him, and we never wholly believe in "V. V." The trouble seems to lie deep in the nature of the theme. *Queed* was to begin with a "wise fool" and he was quite naturally transformed. His weaknesses endeared him. The girl who helped transform him was just an unusually fine specimen of human girl. But "V. V." is superhumanly good to begin with, and the girl whom he transforms is just plain, selfish, and thoughtless, while her calculating and selfish mamma is so obviously a sort of scapegoat that we almost resent the very able representation of her designing selfishness. To portray attractively the young man of Christ-like character is not easy, and the spoiled daughter of riches—who has nevertheless a soul to be wakened—has to be very attractive indeed to seem worth all the pother. So the little lame slum doctor seems unable to excite all the sympathy he deserves, and it is doubtful if Cally Heth excites any real sympathy at all.

"V. V." trusts everybody, believes that everybody is good, and despite his own embarrassments and perturbed apologies, goes on expect-